

# I Wanted Muscles Like Sandow's

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had won the title of "the strongest man in Australasia," a worthy honor, considering that he was but twenty-one years old. And that title he defended successfully against all comers until 1914, when he retired unbeaten.

In 1906 he was acclaimed the champion wrestler of Australia, an honor which none was able to take from him; and from 1911 to 1914, he was the king of the matmen in all Australasia.

However, retirement irked him, particularly as he felt he was better than those who had come forward to strive for the posts he had vacated. So, in a few years, he returned to active competition, and won back his strong man title. And last year, when he was forty-two, he resumed wrestling, and to date has defeated every rival, including some of his former pupils.

Incidentally, the records for weight-lifting he set some years ago, have not been bettered by any person in Australasia. And now that he has returned to active competition, he expects to hang up some new ones within the next three years.

I can vouch for the truth of the foregoing statements, for I was the youth whose ambition was fired by the example of Eugen Sandow. And I am still, after twenty-one years, the holder of the title for athletic supremacy in the South Seas, although I have reached an age when most men who have been as active as I have been for twenty-eight years are taking things rather easy.

My measurements are:

Height.....	6 feet
Weight.....	196 pounds
Neck.....	18 inches
R and L arms.....	18 inches
R and L calves.....	18 inches
Chest, normal.....	44 inches
Chest, expanded.....	48 inches
R and L thighs.....	26 inches
Forearms.....	13¾ inches
Lung capacity.....	400 cubic inches

In all, I hold twenty-six Australasia records in the various classes of athletics.

Among my best lifts are a one-hand clean lift of 231¾ pounds; right-hand snatch of 172½ pounds; two hands clean of 273¾ pounds; two hands military press of 202½ pounds; wrestler's bridge pull over and press, head and heels only touching the ground, of 224 pounds and tomb of Hercules of 2,245 pounds.

A short time ago, just to demonstrate that age had failed to sap my vitality or stiffen my muscles, I entered a general competition against many competitors, some of them but half my age, and defeated them all at weight-lifting and lifting the sack. And, for good measure, I performed 250 skips, turning the rope twice at each skip, and won three falls at wrestling.

Just a few of my other athletic accomplishments. I did not take up bicycle riding until I was well along in my teens, when I possessed a splendid set of muscles

and had developed great lung power. However, as soon as I purchased a wheel I went about learning to ride it in a most business-like manner. And, within six months from the time I had ceased falling of, I had won the amateur cycling championship of Victoria.

After that I won the twenty-five mile road cycling championship of Victoria, in one hour and eleven minutes. And, in other big races, held over a period of years, I won first honors five times, was second four times and third twice. My two third prizes were captured at a single meet.

I have won many running championships, and despite my present weight and age, still can do 100 yards in 10 1/5 seconds. In the hurdling championships of Victoria I still hold second place. Some of my other performances are: 440 yards in 62 1/5 seconds; high jump, 5 feet 4 inches; broad jump, 20 feet 1½ inches; putting sixteen-pound shot, 40 feet 1½ inches; throwing sixteen-pound hammer, 122 feet.

Of course, clean and careful living and persistent exercising had a great deal to do with enabling me to reach championship form and hold my own against an army of rivals over a record period of years.

But there was something else—something very important, which contributed to my success—and that was physical culture. It was while I was still in my teens, though well along in the preliminary stages of my efforts to become a second Sandow, that I first heard of this religion of health.

One day an athlete, a man of mature years who occasionally coached me, gave me copies of several articles written by Bernarr Macfadden. "Here is something worth while," he said. "Read them carefully. The man knows what he is writing about, from personal experience. His idea is sound."

I read them all and, despite my youth and inexperience, I was held by the force of every argument. Immediately I became a convert to physical culture, and began to follow its precepts faithfully.

However, I did not stop with studying and putting into practice the ideas set forth by Mr. Macfadden and his staff of writers. I became a teacher, and in the last twenty years I have instructed thousands of pupils—those desiring to become athletic stars and others seeking only to acquire and retain strong and healthy bodies—in diet, exercises, deep breathing and kindred subjects. Among my most enthusiastic pupils have been many well-known medical doctors, who later sent their patients to me for general building up.

In fact, Australia's medical profession, almost 100 per cent, are supporters of physical culture. And, for a long time, I have lectured to the fourth-year medical students of Melbourne University on physical treatments for the cure of diseases.

The motto which I have adopted, which hangs framed in my office and which I try to impress upon all who listen to me

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